

A COLLECTION
OF PRAYERS
AND THANKSGIVINGS,
USED IN
HIS MAJESTIES
Chappell and in His
ARMIES.

Vpon occasion of the late Victories a-
gainst the Rebels, and for the future
successes of the Forces.

PUBLISHED

By His MAJESTIES Command, to be
duely read in all other Churches and Chappells
*within this His Kingdome, and
Dominion of WALES.*

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A PRAYER FOR THE PRESERVATION OF His MAJESTIES Person, and for *the Peace of the Kingdom.*

O Lord guard the Person of thy Servant
the King.
Who putteth His trust in thee.

Send to Him and to His Armyes help from thy
holy Place.

And evermore mightily defend them.

Confound the designs of all those that are ri-
sen up against Him.

*And let not their Rebellious wickednesse approach
neere to hurt Him.*

O Lord heare our Prayer.

And let Our cry come unto thee.




Lord God of Hosts who givest victory unto Kings, and didst deliver *David* thy Servant from the perill of the Sword, hear us, we beseech thee, most miserable sinners who doe here powre out our Soules beore thee, entirely desiring the protection of thine hand upon thy servant the King: let Him find safety under the shadow of thy wings, and preserve His Person as the apple of thine own eye. Suffer not that sword which thou hast put into his hands to be wrested out by the hand of man: but blesse his Counsells with successe, and His enterprises with victory, that He may goe on to be a terror to all those that oppose Him, and to be as the dew of the latter raine upon the hearts of all those who doe still remain Loyall to Him. And O thou who takest no delight in the misery of one single sinner, spare mercifull Lord, spare a great, though most sinfull Nation, pittie a despised Church, and a distracted State, heale up those wounds which our sinnes have made so wide, that none but thine own hands can close them. And in the tenderesse of thine unspeakable compassion hasten to put so happy an end unto these wasting divisions, that thy service may

may be the more duly celebrated, thine Anoynted more conscientiously obeyed, that the Church may be restored to a true Christian unity, and the Kingdom to our former Peace: and that for his sake who is the Prince of Peace, and that shed his pretious blood to purchase our Peace, even Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with thee ô Father and thy blessed Spirit be &c.



A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING
for His MAJESTIES Victory over
the Rebels at Edge-hill.


 Thou God of Hosts, who goest forth with our Armies, and pleadest the cause of thine Anoynted against them that strive with Him, We acknowledge with all lowliness of mind, that it is not our sword, nor the multitude of Our Host that hath saved us, but it is thy hand alone that hath disposed of Victory to thy servant the King, that hath covered His head in the day of Battaille, and hath kept His Crowne from being throwndown to

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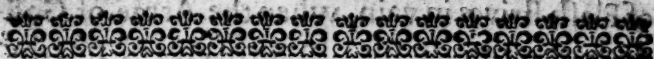
the ground: Not unto us therefore, not unto us, but unto thee, O God, doe We give the praise, beseeching thee to accomplish the great work thou hast begunne for us, to continue the blessings of good successe on the head of our Sovereigne, and on His Army, that the happinesse thereof may flow from thence to the very skirts of His People; to continue the fear and consternation which thou hast already cast upon the Hearts of those who have Rebelliouſly risen up against Him, to enfeeble their strength, to infatuate their Counsels, to undeceive and disabuse the seduced part of them, that they may know and feele, that to take up Armes against thy Vice-gerent, is to fight against Heaven, that so by a timely and conscientious submission to the just Authority of Him whom thou hast set over them, the effusion of more blood may be prevented, the Peace of this distracted Kingdom settled, Faction may be cast out of the State, and Schisme out of the Church, to the advancement of thy glory, the Kings Honour, and the Peoples good. Grant this, O God, for thy old mercies sake, which thou wert wont to show unto this Nation, that both Prince and People may joyne in giving praise to thee, who livest and reignest world without end. A M E N.



A thanksgiving for His Majesties late
great Victory over the Rebels in
the NORTH.

 MOST Mighty God, whole dwelling is above the Heavens, yet humblest thy selfe to dispose of all things done either in Heaven or Earth, who in thy unsearchable judgements hast suffered the *Shaba's* of these times to blow the Trumpet of Rebellion in every corner of this Land, but withall hast justly turned this sufferance of thine into their Ruine; We praise and magnify thy great and glorious Name, that having given of late to thine Anoynted so many pledges of thy Favour, thou hast yet added to that heap of blessings a New and Notable Victory over the Rebels in the North; Goe on, O thou God of our Salvation, goe on, as thou hast begunne; leave us not, we beseech thee, till thou hast accomplished the great work thou hast so apparently taken into thine own Hands, Passe by our personall sinnes, O Lord, though they cry

cry loud, hear them not, but look to the Righte-
 ousnesse of our Cause; See the seamlesse Coat
 of thy Sonnetorne, the Throne of thine An-
 oynted trampled on; thy Church invaded by
 Sacriledge, and thy People miserably deceived
 with Lies. See it, O God, (as see it thou dost)
 and vindicate what thou seest upon the Heads
 of those who lead these Wretches to destructi-
 on, till by their frequent overthrowes (if no-
 thing else can possibly reduce them) thou hast
 Scourged them into Obedience, & tamed these
 Enemies of thine and ours into a desire of
 Peace, that so having at last subdued their Hearts
 (which is the best of Victories) thy *David*
 may returne to His *Ierusalem* in Peace, and thy
 People once more joy under His Government,
 blessing thy goodnesse which hath wrought
 this for us through the Mediation of thy Sonne
 Iesus Christ, to whom with thee, and thy bles-
 sed Spirit, be all praile, and glory world without
 end. AMEN.



A thanksgiving for His Majesties late
 great Victory over the Rebels
in the WEST.



MOST Glorious and Powerfull
 Lord God, without whose ayd and
 influence all our strength is weak-
 nesse, and our Counsell folly: we thy
 unworthy Servants in a gratefull commemora-
 tion of thy frequent and often repeated bles-
 sings, with humble and unfained hearts offer
 up to thee the sacrifice of prayse, calling Heaven
 and Earth to witnesse with us, that it is thy
 Power alone by which we stand, thy Strength
 by which we prosper. Particularly we magni-
 fy thy holy name, ò God, for that late great Vi-
 ctory, wherewith thou hast graciously blest our
 Soveraignes Forces in the West, where thou ga-
 vest not the day to the strong, nor measuredst
 out successe according to the numbers, but ma-
 dest the weak chase the mighty, and an hand-
 full overthrow an hoast; shewing by an evi-
 dent testimony of thy presence, that the Arme
 B of

of Flesh strives in vain, when the Arme of God
 doth fight the battaile. In pursuance of this thy
 unspeakable goodnesse, we humbly begge of
 thee, ô Lord, to continue in all our dangers the
 like speciall assistance to us, to break the speare
 of the Disobedient, and melt the hearts of the
 Rebellious into water, to strike the mindes of
 the perverse, with a true touch of that Consci-
 ence, which they goe about to stifle, and a true
 sense of that duty to thine Anoynted, which
 they labour to forget; that we thy miserable and
 distressed People, may no longer groane under
 those heavy Judgements, which our sinnes have
 pulled down upon us, but may at last be reuni-
 ted and knit in the happinesse of a long wisht
 for Peace, and with one mind, in the same true
 Religion, worship thee the only true God, and
 obey our King whom thou hast set over us:
 grant this, ô mercifull Father, for thy dear Sonn's
 sake who raigneth with thee, and thy holy Spi-
 rit world without end. AMEN.



A thanksgiving for the **QUEENES**
Safe Returne.

O Mōst mercifull Lord God, we farther render thee all Praise and thanks, for that thou hast been pleased to extend thy hand of deliverance unto the Person of our gracious **QUEENE**; that thou hast made Her an instrument of so much good to this Kingdom, and brought Her safely hither, through so many dangers both by Sea and Land. Lord make the King and His People daily more and more happy in Her, that as by thine especiall favour She is already become the Mother of so many hopefull Princes, so She may be daily fruitfull in the addition of more blessings to us, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with thee, and the Holy Ghost, be all Honour and Glory, world without end. **AMEN.**



A HYMNE OR GENE-
rall Thanksgiving.

GLORY be to God on high, and in
Earth Peace, good will towards
Men. We praise Thee, we blesse
Thee, we worship Thee, we glori-
fy Thee; and at this time, in a more especiall
manner, with the highest expressions of our de-
voutest Hearts, we most humbly give thanks
unto thee, for that thou hast been pleased our
of thine infinite goodnesse, mercifully to look
downe upon the late low estate of our gracious
Soveraigne; That thou hast brought him from
so much scornfull neglect, to appeare so terrible
unto those desperate Rebels, who dare yet
stand in Armes against Him; That thou hast
blest him with many, and those eminent Victo-
ries, and particularly, for those great defeats
which by His Armies thou hast given unto His
enimies in the North, and in the West. O Lord
God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty,
O Lord the only begotten Sonne Iesus Christ,
continue

continue these thy favours to us, and perfect, we beseech thee, that glorious work, the happy Peace of this Land, which none but thine own strength can finish. And to that end, Thou that takest away the sinnes of the World, take this foule sinne of Rebellion from us; Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, smite through the loynes of those Sacrilegious men who have not spared at all to prophane thy house, and thy service; so shall we still blesse and magnify thy Name in the midst of the great Congregation; so shall we thy servants never ceale to be still praying thee and laying, Thou only, art Holy, Thou only art the Lord, Thou only ô Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. To thee be all Praise and Honour, and Glory ascribed, world without end. AMEN.

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A Prayer to be said during these *times of Trouble.*



O Lord our God, Mercifull and Gracious, and abundant in goodnesse and truth, who dost according to thy will in the Armies of Heaven, & rulest over all the Kingdoms of the Earth; in whose hand is Power and Might, and none is able to withstand thy arme; we most vile sinners approach before thy Throne of grace, bewayling those manifold transgressions that have provoked thy wrath and indignation against us. We know, ô Lord, that affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground, but it is thou that with rebukes dost chasten man for sinne. We confesse that we were a wealthy and a carelesse Nation, and our land was as the garden of *Eden*; our deliverances were great, and thy blessings were multiplied; we dwelt alone without feare of evill, and were become the envy of those that were round about us. Peace was within
our

our walles, and plenteousnesse within our Pal-
 laces. But when we had eaten and were full,
 and had waxen fat, we kicked against thee our
 Maker who hadst done so great things for us:
 our heart was lifted up & forgot thee our God;
 and lightly esteemed the rock of our salvation.
 We loathed the Manna that rained down upon
 us; our Peace became a wearinesse, and we
 snuffed at our happinesse; we murmured a-
 gainst *Moses* in our Tents, and made light of
 thy Anoynted whom thou hadst set over us.
 Therefore hast thou recompenced our waies
 upon our own heads, and suffered our destru-
 ction to proceed from our selves: our wicked-
 nesse doth correct us; our backsliding doth re-
 prove us; and our iniquity is become our ruine.
 Thou hast broken upon us with a grievous
 breach: thy anger hath divided us, and thy fury
 hath dashed us one against another. Thou hast
 mingled a spirit of perversenesse in the midst of
 us; and made us a Nation voyd of Counsell
 and understanding: in stead of Peace thou hast
 sent bitternesse, and hast sent a fire into our
 bowels; and it is kindled round about us. And
 now, *ô Lord*, behold the sword is drunk with
 our blood, and we are numbred to the slaugh-
 ter.

ter: the high wayes are unoccupied, and the Travailers goe through by-paths; our fields are divided, our inheritance is for a spoile, and our substance to the robbers. We are become a reproach to the foolish People, and servants bear rule over us. The mean Man is risen against the Honourable, and the fire out of the Bramble devoureth the lofty Cedars, our Women are cast out of their pleasant places, and the roab is pulled off from the aged; there is no respect had to the Priests, nor favour to the Elders. Thy Sanctuaries, even the excellency of thy strength, are prophaned, and they have defiled the places where thine honour dwelleth, and yet still the seat of wickednesse frameth mischief by a Law; and it turneth judgement backward, and biddeth justice stand a farre off, and deviseeth deceitfull matters against thole that are quiet in the Land. Nay there is a lying Spirit gone out into the mouth of the Prophets; they prophecy falsely, and the People delight to have it so, and they strengthen the hands of evil doers, that they turne not back from their wickednesse. Thus are we covered with a cloud in thine anger, and our beauty is cast down to the ground. But, ô Lord, shall thine indignation be powred

out for ever? shall thy jealousy burne like fire? O passe by the transgressions of the remnant of thine Heritage, and take away the rebuke of thy People. O remove from us reproach and contempt; and strengthen the spoyled against the destroyers. Bow down thine eare, and consider the oppression of the poore, the sighing of the needy, the groaning of the Prisoners, that are fast bound in misery and iron. Lift up thy selfe, becaule of the rage of thine Adversaries: consider the desolation they have made in thy Courts, and all that the enemy hath done wickedly in thy Sanctuary. And yet still they are compassed with pride, and cloath themselves with violence as with a garment. How long, ô Lord, shall they boast themselves in mischief? how long shall they decree unrighteous decrees, and write grievousnesse which they have prescribed? O make not a full end with us, but correct us in mercy, though thou leave us not altogether unpunished. Help us, ô Lord our God, for we rest on thee, & under the shadow of thy wings shall be our refuge, untill this Tyranny be overpast. Disappoynt therefore the devices of the crafty; let not the Rebellious exalt themselves any more, and suffer not the Tabernacles of the

Robbers to prosper. And as thou hast begunne to shew thy Servants thy greatnesse, and thy mighty hand: so continue thy marvailous loving kindnesse to those who put their trust in thee. The Battaile is thine, ô Lord, thou hast preserved us from the Arme of flesh; yea it is thou that hast wrought all our works in us, even when there was no might against that great Company that came against us. When we were few in number, and there was none to help us, then thine own Arme brought salvation, and thy righteousness sustained us. O perfect therefore thy handy worke. Give salvation to Our King, and deliver CHARLES thy servant from the perill of the Sword, bind up His soule in the bundle of life, gird Him with strength to the Battaile, contend with those who contend with Him, subdue thou the People under Him, and suffer no weapon formed against him to prosper. O deliver Him at length from the strivings of the People, and lift up His head above His Enemies round about Him, give Him the shield of thy salvation, and let thy gentlenesse make him great: put a stop at last to the madness of the People: say to the destroying sword, it is now enough: send us a seasonable and
bles.

blessed calme: visit us with the joy of thy Coun-
 tenance, & make us glad according to the daies
 wherein thou hast afflicted us. O restore to us
 our tolemne assemblies: bring us back into thy
 Courts to praise thee, and let us once more wor-
 ship thee in the beauty of thy holinesse. Save us
 O Lord, from our enemies, and from the hands
 of all that hate us. That so we may serve thee
 without feare, living a quiet and a peaceable
 life, in all Godlinesse and honesty, looking for
 the blessed appearance of the great God, and our
 Saviour Jesus Christ. To whom with thee and
 the Holy Spirit, be all Honour and Praise, world
 without end. AMEN.

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